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DEATH TO THEATRE CRASH IS 107

EXPLORER OF ANIARCTIC SEA DIES ON SHIP

Sir Ernest Shackleton Succumbs on Fourth Trip to Pole

WAS KNIGHTED IN 1909

Sought Lost Island Said to Have Connected Africa and South America

WAS LOST ON THIRD TRIP

Ship Cruised in Ice; Explorer Puts Out in Small Boat and Brings Aid

By the Associated Press.

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay, Jan. 29.—An expedition of the British explorer, died January 29 on board the ship, on which he was making another expedition into the Antarctic regions.

Death was due to pneumonia and occurred while the quest was off the Grinnick station. The body was found here on a Norwegian ship and will be placed on board a steamer for shipment to England. Captain Hussey will accompany the body home.

Professor G. H. S. Smith, a member of the expedition, said that the quest was a two-year voyage. The voyage had as its objective not only oceanographic research, but the exploration of a supposed land bridge between the continents of South America and Africa.

On board the ship, Sir Ernest Shackleton, who was knighted in 1909, was making another expedition into the Antarctic regions. The quest was a two-year voyage. The voyage had as its objective not only oceanographic research, but the exploration of a supposed land bridge between the continents of South America and Africa.

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In the Wake of the Knickerbocker Horror

Survivors Tell Graphic Stories of Collapse—Deeds of Heroism Abound—Two Little Girls Peacefully Sleeping in Ruins Rescued

By the Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—An

avalanche of broken plaster, pieces

of steel beams and twisted

steel beams catapulting upon the

audience while the orchestra played

and a comedy film was ground out, is

the description of the Knickerbocker

theater disaster, given today by

Representative John H. Smithwick

of Pensacola, Fla. He was in the

balcony of the theater when the

roof collapsed under its weight of

snow and ice. He said he was

low, he cannot recall—with more

or less serious hurt.

"The orchestra was playing beau-

tiful music and a comic film was

running and Mr. Smithwick lying

in his bed, bandaged and with his

face and hands covered with cuts,

I looked up and saw a great mass

running across the ceiling. It was

light over my head. I instantly

realized what was happening. The

plaster began to fall, dropping down

in large and small chunks all over

the theater. It seemed to me. While

I was looking up a great piece right

over my head started to fall. I

ducked, crouching involuntarily. I

suppose, down between the seats.

The piece struck the seat just

before I had time to get up. The

noise was awful. It was a

great tremendous roar. It was

simply indescribable. I never can

forget it.

"In the midst of the roaring were

cries of women and children and

there were cries for help, groans

and worst of all, the moans of those

in terrible pain. It was awful. I

can't describe it. I see it all the

time, those poor children and men

and women crying and groaning

there.

"There were only a few of us in

the balcony. Luckily there weren't

more. The balcony gave way and

crashed, soon after the ceiling be-

gan to fall, on those on the lower

floor. They were caught the worse.

We, in the balcony, were more for-

tunate.

"I guess there was a lapse of

maybe twenty seconds, hardly more,

before the balcony fell. Funny, but

it spun around, kind of twisted, as

its supports gave way and it swung

down on those below. It didn't go

straight down, just slid sideways

and slanting. I suppose from the

weight of the debris that had fallen

on its supports.

"I don't know how I got out from

where I was crouching under that

chunk of plaster that had fallen on

me. I really believe it weighed all

of five hundred pounds. And I

think I moved that plaster with my

shoulders. Anyway, I crawled out

from between the seats to where I saw

a small hole in the plaster above. I

forced myself up through that hole,

wiggling and shoving. Then I

crawled out over the snow and plas-

ter, over the tangled debris, to the

doors on the Eighteenth street side.

"Across the aisle from me when

the crash came was a little fellow—

I never saw him again and I wonder

if he is dead—who laughed and

roared at every especially funny part

of the film. I don't know what be-

came of the fellow in the balcony

after we were showered with plaster.

"As the ceiling broke, the plaster

fell first, in chunks. It was just

like an ice pond breaking up. The

roof didn't give way in one crash.

It seemed to break up everywhere.

That let in the snow, which came in

through the broken places where the

ceiling had given way.

"It's queer, but I was conscious

all the time I was pinned down by

that great piece of ceiling. My

mind, when I saw the ceiling falling

and afterward, was just as clear and

collected as it is now. I knew I was

hurt, but I didn't know how badly.

It seemed that my time had

come. I lived a year, I tell you,

pinned down between this awful

weight of plaster and snow. I

couldn't move. I was just waiting

for the end. I was just waiting

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snow to the door. On the way I

saw a young fellow lying half

buried under a mass of snow. He

was trying to get up. I saw him

and everything was blank. The

next I remember, I was at the door

wiping the blood from my eyes and

mouth. I don't know how I got out.

I didn't see any other injured ones

as I crawled.

"I can't remember about that

part of it. My only thought then

was to get home before I should die.

My chest pained me, my back

seemed broken, my face was drip-

ping with blood. All I wanted to

do was get home and tell my wife

and little girl what had happened

and how I was hurt. I thought I

was going to die."

Representative Smithwick, who

lives about a block from the theater,

said he staggered home without

overcoat or hat through the snow-

drifts. Physicians were summoned

immediately, who found him suffor-

ing from shock, bruises and possibly

internal injuries.

"I think it was a miracle that I

came out alive," said the Florida

congressman. "But think of these

poor children and men and women

who were not so fortunate. I don't

see how any one who was injured in

that balcony could have seen. If

those people were there, they would

have been crushed. I don't know

how they could see like we in the

balcony. Those underneath us

had no chance, I guess. I keep

thinking of it all the time, that awful

roaring and crashing of the balcony

on its way down to those people be-

low. It was all over in half a